

TERMS.
Single copy, per year, in advance, \$1.50
Paid within the year, 2.00
Town subscribers will be charged 75 cts. The difference in the rates is due to the price of paper delivered at home and those sent by mail, is occasioned by the expense of carrying.

How to Stop a Paper.—First, see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish to stop; notify the Post Master of your residence, and ask him to notify the publisher, under his frank, (as he is authorized to do) of your wish to discontinue.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square—13 lines—first insertion, \$0.50
Do each additional insertion, 25 cts.
Do Three months, 2.00
Do Six months, 3.50
Do One year, 6.00
Two squares Six months, 5.00
Do One year, 8.00
Half column One year, 18.00
One column One year, 30.00

Business Directory.**FREMONT JOURNAL
JOB PRINTING OFFICE:**

We are now prepared to execute to order, in a neat and expeditious manner, and upon the fairest terms; almost all descriptions of

**JOB PRINTING;
SUCH AS**

BUSINESS CARDS,
Circulars, Handbills, Catalogues, Station Bills, Justice's Blanks, Lawyers' Blanks, Masters.

We would say to those of our friends who are in want of such work, you need not go abroad to get it done, when it can be done just as well at home.

I. O. O. F.
CHESAIRE LODGE, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Buckland's Brick Building, every Saturday evening.

PEASE & ROBERTS,

Copper, Tin, and Sheet-iron Ware,
AND DEALERS IN
Stores, Wool, Hides, Sheep-Pelts, Rags,
Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c.

Also, all orders of GENUINE YANKEE NOTIONS
Pease's Brick Block, No. 1.
FREMONT, OHIO.

T. P. FINEPROCK, S. T. PRICE.
FINEPROCK & PRICE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
FREMONT, OHIO.

Office—In Sharp & Shome's Block.

STEPHEN BUCKLAND & CO.,
DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dry-Stuffs,
Books, Stationery, &c., &c.
FREMONT, OHIO.

G. W. & C. S. GLICK,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
And Solicitors in Chancery.

FREMONT, OHIO.

Will attend to all business entrusted to their care in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Also general land, collecting and insurance agents.

Office—Upstairs, opposite the Bank.
GEORGE W. GLICK, CHAS. S. GLICK.

BUCKLAND & EVERETT,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
And Solicitors in Chancery.

Will attend to all professional business and Land Agency in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office—2d Story, Buckland's Block, Fremont.
R. P. BUCKLAND, (HOMER EVERETT,
January 1st, 1853.)

CHESTER EDEGTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

And Solicitor in Chancery, will carefully attend to all professional business left in his charge. He will also attend to the collection of claims &c., in his and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story Buckland's Block.
FREMONT, OHIO.

GREENE & NUGG,
Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery.

Will give their undivided attention to professional business entrusted to their care in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office—In the second story of Buckland's Block.
FREMONT, OHIO.

William Ray,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Also FIRE, LIFE & HEALTH INSURANCE AGENT
Clyde, Sandusky County, Ohio.

W. H. HEATON, I. A. WARD.
HEATON & WARD,
Attorneys at Law.

FREMONT, OHIO.

Will promptly attend to all professional business entrusted to their care.

Office—In Sharp's New Brick Block.

L. D. PARKER, Surgeon Dentist,

RESPECTFULLY tenders professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all operations relating to the preservation and beauty of the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial teeth, on pivot, plate or other plan, done in the most perfect manner. He is in possession of the latest improvements now in use, consequently he flatters himself that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to those who may desire his skill in any branch of the profession.

Lethen Ether administered, and teeth extracted without pain, if desired.

Office—Caldwell's Brick Building, over Dr. Rice's office.
Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

PORTAGE COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

D. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.
FREMONT, OHIO.

DR. R. S. RICE.

Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont and adjacent country.

Office, as formerly, on Front street, opposite Deal's new building.
Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

Important to those Afflicted!

DRS. SPONE & PATTERSON,
ELECTRICIANS.

WOULD inform the citizens of Clyde and vicinity that we have permanently located here, for the purpose of practicing Medicine; and by our prompt attention, and successful cures, we hope to gain a liberal share of patronage.

To those who have been afflicted for years, and have tried every remedy, (as they say), we would call their attention to this advertisement. We don't pretend that all diseases in all stages can be cured, yet there is a curable stage to all diseases and a great many can be cured after they have been pronounced incurable by many; and others relieved so as to be comfortable and enjoy life. It is unnecessary here to enumerate all the diseases which flesh is heir to, and point out the curable stage of each, but call and we will tell you, without any charge, whether your particular case can be cured or not.

Special attention will be paid to Females who have Diseases peculiar to themselves.

D. S. SPONE, M. D. J. PATTERSON, M. D.
July 31st '52.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

NUMBER 29.

VOLUME I.

Poetry.

It was, we think, MACALESTER, who said that most of the poetry published in newspapers, was intended to be read before breakfast and forgotten before dinner;—but we hardly think the same can be said of the following very beautiful and touching lines. If our readers do not admire it, we do not want them to read any more poetry in the Journal. The writers genius is as wild as the winds that wander around the blue sea isles and as beautiful as a dream of love. Those who read "The Deserted," which appeared last week, will here find the sequel; and if they should feel its truth, we cannot help it.

I LOVE THEE STILL.

Long years have passed since thy bright eyes beamed on me 'neath my native skies.
Thy home and mine, where love's first dream flung crimson light on life's wild stream.
In other lands, by Grecian fountains,
By ruins on Italian plains,
Where slept the sunshine bright and warm,
I still believed thy image formed—
Ever my idol, none e'er stole
Thy resting place within my soul.
When fills the cup the ruby wine,
The merry laugh and the merry jest,
Still think of each throbbing heart-chord's thrill,
I love thee still! I love thee still!

There is no flower, no stream, no stone
That seems to claim the spot for its own,
But bears some strange and deep impress
Of thy life and mine.
I think the breeze which stirs my hair
Has swept across thy forehead fair,
And love it better that its wing
Has touched an unforgetful string.
That it has roused a music-tone
Within a temple all its own,
And poured its incense of a shrine,
Where loves pure blossoms ever twine.
I love thee still! I love thee still!

Vagant halls are bathed in light,
And revels wild we hold to-night.
Yet gleams of forms are moving there
With jewels wreathed about their hair.
And eyes of midnight's darkest shade
Flash out beneath the shon brand.
Around the festal board we stand,
The golden wine-cup in each hand,
And loud the laugh, high swells the strain,
And think of thee, yet love thee again.
Voluptuous forms, the diamonds' light,
Steal not one thought from thee to-night—
To thee kneel the cup I fill,
I love thee still! I love thee still!

I have to-night lived e'er each hour
That bound my spirit by its power,
Yet striving still to reach the tone,
Because it wooed me back to home,
Crowning the burning dreams of love,
With chains Ambition's fingers weave,
And in despair that all be brought
Thy image to my reverent thought,
I raised the cup, but one wild word
Was trembling through each haunted chord,
Moaning, while back the visions stole,
In dark scenery, to my soul,
"Away! no more the goblet fill—
I love thee still! I love thee still!"

I saw a Jewish maiden fall
Beside a tomb-stone's unique wall,
And lifted up each raven tress,
Which swept her brow, with shuddering dread,
Wondering that such damp locks should cling
So close to such a lovely thing.
Again I lifted up her hair,
And gazed on the lightning-like stare,
And shrank to think that might see
The same death-dampness cling to thee—
Aunt! the vision faded in night,
And here are song, and dance, and light—
I love thee still! I love thee still!

Again they come—wild forms and cries—
To Jena's field the war-horse flies,
And gleaming crests, and helmets bright—
Are weaving through the raging fight—
I see Napoleon's banners raised,
Where Moscow's towers in ruins blazed,
And, now, the crescent's crimson fold
Streams out o'er casques embossed with gold,
Till there one tree of brandished steel
Rings out a note of earnest prayer—
Away! I cannot bear thy moan,
I dare not listen to thy tone,
I loathe my heart with iron will,
Yet love thee still! I love thee still!

Strange that with love and war should rise,
With gloom and mirth these dreary eyes,
That the god of battle's wing,
Thy form, thy tresses dark should cling,
And that thy tiny white fingers twine
Around the cup which holds the wine,
That in the rustic graces flow
These accents, musical and low,
That shuddering, shrieking from my chain
I weave its folds anew again.
I love thee still! I love thee still!

Once more to crimson lips the cup,
Bejeweled hands, lifted up
To dim the crime of attempting, to destroy his
happiness. A little reflection taught him the
folly of this; and he concluded that it would
be more prudent to wait for a time to see
the development of things. It might be that
the letter which Theresa had received was
not from Edmunds; and that, as soon as she
saw him she would show it to him. In this
latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to
be mistaken. Hoping that she would come
up to their room, he remained there for half
an hour in momentary expectation of seeing
her enter; but he waited in vain. Unable to
bear the suspense any longer Derwent de-
scended to the parlor—no one was there.
He passed out into the portico, but saw nothing
of Theresa.

"Have you seen Mrs. Derwent?" he asked
of a lady.

"Yes," replied the lady. "I saw her walking
towards the garden, some ten minutes
ago, with Mr. Edmunds."

"With Edmunds?" he exclaimed, completely
thrown off his guard.

The lady looked curiously after him as he
strode off, hastily, towards the garden. On
opening the gate, he saw Theresa and the
young man moving slowly down one of the
walks, engaged in earnest conversation.
They did not observe his approach. Twice
before he reached them, Edmunds stooped to
pluck a flower which was presented to the
lady, who manifested pleasure in receiving it.
Before he was near enough to hear the sound
of their voices—for they conversed in a soft
tone—his foot rustled among the dry leaves
of a fallen branch, and warned them of his
presence.

"What's the matter, Edward?—are you un-
well?" asked Theresa, with much concern,
the moment she looked into her husband's
face.

"I don't feel very well," replied Derwent
easily.

"You look far from well," said Edmunds,
with apparent sympathy.

"Why, Edward? you are pale, and your
lips tremble as you speak. What has im-
pended?" The young bride seemed frightened.

JEALOUS HUSBAND.

Edward Derwent had been married only
three weeks, when a cloud came over his sky.
His bride was so beautiful, and possessed so
many attractions, that he could not see how
it was possible for any one to look at her
without at the same time falling in love. If,
therefore, any person belonging to the mas-
culine gender was observed to gaze with ap-
parent earnestness at his Theresa, Derwent
instantly became uncomfortable, and his im-
agination, excited by his feelings, pictured
events of a most distressing and terrible na-
ture.

"I'm a fool!" he would say to himself, in
moments when he was less under the influ-
ence of his peculiar temperament; and yet,
though conscious of his folly, he continued
none the less a fool. It only required a good
looking young man to sit by the side of his
Theresa, or to fix his eyes earnestly upon her,
in order to arouse from his temporary repose
the green-eyed monster within him.

A part of the honeymoon was spent at a
summer retreat, a few miles from town,
where a pleasant company of about a dozen
were enjoying the luxury of cool, fresh air,
and all the choicest fruits of the season.—
Among those present was a young man of
fine person, good address, and well cultivated
mind, who was a favorite with all. His name
was Edmunds. As soon as the young bride
arrived, she was received with marked at-
tention by all; for, with those who knew her,
she was already a cherished companion; and those
to whom she was introduced, soon perceived
in her qualities to admire or love. From the
day of her arrival, much to the disquietude of
Derwent, Edmunds was particular in his at-
tentions; and it not unobtrusively happened
that the jealous young man and his wife,
when sitting alone in the parlor, under the
portico, or in some one of the pleasant arbors
or summer houses that were scattered over
the lawns and gardens. On such occasions,
it was plain to him that Edmunds looked con-
fused; and he was much mistaken if he did
not take a deeper hue.

At first Derwent tried to think this all an
idle fancy; but his jealous heart gave to the
thought an emphatic contradiction. How
was it possible for any one to look upon Ther-
esa and not love her? And was she proof
against all the appeals of a fervid admiration?
The more he saw, felt, and thought, the more
uneasy did the young man become, and the
more certain was he that Edmunds enter-
tained the purpose of winning from him the
love of his wife.

Thus the matter stood on the fourth day
after Derwent's arrival in the country; then
an incident occurred that painfully corrobor-
ated, in his mind, all his fears. He was sit-
ting at a window of the room they occupied,
thinking of the dangers that surrounded his
bride, and meditating a speedy return to town
in order to avoid them, when he observed
Theresa walking along just below him in a
thoughtful mood. Ere she had passed from
his sight, a servant stepped up and handed
her a letter. She looked eagerly at the ad-
dress, and as she did so, a flush suffused her
face—then hiding the letter in her bosom,
she disappeared around an angle of the house.
Crossing the room with a palpitating heart,
Derwent passed quickly to another window
near which he rightly conjectured Theresa
would go to read her letter. In a few mo-
ments he saw her glide forth from a mass of
shrubbery, and sit down on a rustic bench
beneath some old oak trees that had known
the sunshine and storms of at least a hundred
years.

Here she drew the letter from her bosom,
and, while he was gazing down upon her, be-
came absorbed in its contents. Evidently,
from her manner while reading, the letter
produced a vivid impression on her mind; but
as her face was turned so far away that her
husband could see only a small portion of it,
he was unable to determine the character of
her emotions. But he did not in the least
doubt that the communication was from Ed-
munds.

Maddened by this conclusion, Derwent
could with difficulty restrain himself from
going to the young man and charging upon
him the crime of attempting, to destroy his
happiness. A little reflection taught him the
folly of this; and he concluded that it would
be more prudent to wait for a time to see
the development of things. It might be that
the letter which Theresa had received was
not from Edmunds; and that, as soon as she
saw him she would show it to him. In this
latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to
be mistaken. Hoping that she would come
up to their room, he remained there for half
an hour in momentary expectation of seeing
her enter; but he waited in vain. Unable to
bear the suspense any longer Derwent de-
scended to the parlor—no one was there.
He passed out into the portico, but saw nothing
of Theresa.

"Have you seen Mrs. Derwent?" he asked
of a lady.

"Yes," replied the lady. "I saw her walking
towards the garden, some ten minutes
ago, with Mr. Edmunds."

"With Edmunds?" he exclaimed, completely
thrown off his guard.

The lady looked curiously after him as he
strode off, hastily, towards the garden. On
opening the gate, he saw Theresa and the
young man moving slowly down one of the
walks, engaged in earnest conversation.
They did not observe his approach. Twice
before he reached them, Edmunds stooped to
pluck a flower which was presented to the
lady, who manifested pleasure in receiving it.
Before he was near enough to hear the sound
of their voices—for they conversed in a soft
tone—his foot rustled among the dry leaves
of a fallen branch, and warned them of his
presence.

"What's the matter, Edward?—are you un-
well?" asked Theresa, with much concern,
the moment she looked into her husband's
face.

"I don't feel very well," replied Derwent
easily.

"You look far from well," said Edmunds,
with apparent sympathy.

"Why, Edward? you are pale, and your
lips tremble as you speak. What has im-
pended?" The young bride seemed frightened.

"Nothing—nothing," returned Derwent,
who felt his position to be an awkward one,
and was, strange to say, more anxious to con-
ceal his suspicions than he had been, a few
moments before, to let them be seen.

Theresa drew her arm within his, and said,
"Come, Edward. You must go back to the
house and lie down. You are unwell."

As Theresa spoke thus, Edmunds bowed
rather formally, and turned down one of the
garden walks, leaving the husband and wife
alone.

"What is the matter, Edward?" asked Ther-
esa, anxiously, as soon as they were entirely
by themselves.

"Nothing particular—only—I feel well o-
nough now," awkwardly stammered the young
husband.

"You do not look well," replied Theresa,
her eyes fixed earnestly upon her husband's
face as she spoke. "What is the matter? do
tell me, Edward."

There was so much of real tenderness in
the young wife's voice, that his heart smote
him for the suspicion he had permitted to enter
his mind.

"I have not felt well for a day or two," said
the jealous spouse.

"You didn't mention that before," said his
wife.

"No, for it would only have disturbed your
feelings; but I'm better now." And the re-
turning color to his face, and light to his eyes,
attested the truth.

In silence the young couple returned to
the house, and went up to their room. Ther-
esa had proposed a walk, as likely to refresh
her husband; but his mind was on the let-
ter, and he could not rest until he was alone
with her, in order that she might have an op-
portunity to show it to him; so he objected to
the walk, and said he should lie down for
half an hour.

But though they remained alone during
the rest of the afternoon, not a word did Ther-
esa say about the letter she had received; and
this re-awakened all Edmunds' most dis-
tressing doubts. At tea-time Edmunds took
his usual place beside Theresa, and kept her
in animated conversation, while her hus-
band sat silent and moody, forcing himself
for mere appearance sake, to swallow the
tasteless food he put into his mouth. He
complained, on rising from the table, of con-
tinued indisposition, and went back to his
room accompanied, of course, by his wife.

After awhile the headache, which he had
been affected, according to his own state-
ment, passed off, and he entered into a con-
versation with Theresa, in which he endeav-
ored to lead her to think of that particular
time in the day when she received the letter.

He even spoke of the seat under the old
oak tree; but not a word was said by Ther-
esa on the subject that was uppermost in his
mind.

"Why should she conceal from me the fact
of her having received a letter?" Derwent
asked of himself over and over again; but no
answer came to the question, and the doubts
awakened grew more and more troubled.

For half the night the jealous husband lay
awake, a prey to the most harassing suspi-
cions, while Theresa slept calmly by his side.
At length—it was long after midnight—he
resolved to end this state of suspense. The
moon was shining brilliantly, pouring into the
room a flood of light, making all objects dis-
tinctly visible, and rendering the aid of a
lamp, in the search he contemplated altogether
unnecessary. Quietly slipping from the bed,
Edward went to the chair on which Theresa
had thrown her dress on retiring for the
night, and searched in the bosom for the let-
ter. But it was not there. He then lifted
the garment in his hand, and shook it care-
fully; but the object for which he sought so
anxiously did not fall upon the floor. Might
there not be a pocket in the dress? Yes, that
was altogether probable; and there, no doubt,
would be found the missive that was to re-
move his fears or blight his happiness forever.

Such was the conclusion of the young man's
mind. For the pocket he now commenced
an eager search; but any one who has been
commissioned by his wife to go to her ward-
robe and bring her something from the pocket
of a dress—of course no man would think
of inspecting his wife's pockets unless spec-
ially commissioned to do so—can form a pre-
cisely clear idea of the difficult task Derwent had
upon his hands. He pulled open the folds
of the skirt round and round the whole gar-
ment, but no pocket-opening could be found.

While thus engaged he felt something hard
and his ear caught at the same time, the rust-
ling sound made by paper when crumpled in
the hand. An electric thrill passed through
the young man's frame. Here was the letter!
More hurriedly, and with a nervous trem-
bling, he sought an entrance to the place where the
little messenger of good or ill reposed. But,
in his eagerness, he failed each time he re-
volved the dress in his hand, to light upon the
particular fold that concealed the opening.

Impatiently he thrust his arm through the
dress, and at a single sweep turned it entire-
ly inside out, making as he did so a loud rust-
ling noise. The pocket was easily found
within; but the entrance thereto was as far
as ever from being discovered; and two or
three minutes more elapsed in vain search,
when, desperately grasping the pocket with
one hand, he carried the other along on the
outside until, at the corresponding part of the
garment, he found the long-hidden open-
ing. A moment more, and the letter was in
his hand. Eagerly he tore it open, and was
endeavoring by the moonlight to obtain a
knowledge of its contents, when a movement
in the bed caused him to glance round. Ther-
esa had risen from her pillow, and was bend-
ing forward and staring at him, her face
looked agitated and pale in the dim moon-
light. Before he could speak, she uttered a
wild scream, and fell forward upon the bed.

Here was, indeed, a dilemma—and more
than all this, a confirmation of Derwent's
worst fears. His indiscreet haste in search-
ing for the letter had betrayed him into mak-
ing noise enough to awaken his sleeping wife—
who, seeing that he had obtained possession
of her secret of unfaithfulness, was fright-
ened, as well she might be, into a swoon.
This was the natural inference of the hus-
band's mind.

Scarcely had the echoes of Theresa's thril-
ling scream died along the passages, ere sud-
den movements above and around were heard;
and by the time Derwent had drawn on his
pantaloons, a hand was on the door, and a
frightened voice called out to know what
was the matter. Edward, already aware
that his wife had fainted, opened the door,
after having hid the letter in his own pocket,
and admitted the hostess, who had been the
first to arrive at the scene of alarm. To her
inquiries as to the cause of Theresa's scream
and her fainting condition, he could give only
confused and unsatisfactory answers. Other
members of the family soon appearing, active
efforts were made to restore the fainting bride,
who, in about an hour, was so far recovered
as to open her eyes and answer a few ques-
tions, carefully concealing the cause of her
fright.

Day had begun to dawn ere Theresa was
so far recovered as to be thought by the fam-
ily in a condition to be left alone. Then
Derwent, who had remained almost nearly the
whole time that efforts were making for her
restoration, walking the floor uneasily, asked
a lady who had come in if she would not re-
main with his wife for half an hour. Escap-
ing from the room, he hurried into the open
air, and as soon as he had reached a place
where no eye could be upon him, he drew
the letter he had obtained from his pocket.
Opening it once more, he devoured, so to
speak, almost at a single glance, its contents,
which were as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM—I regret extremely to have
to inform you that your new pearl colored
silk, which you sent me to be altered has
been totally ruined through the carelessness
of one of my girls, who overturned a lamp.
No help remains but for me to make you a
new one; which I will do as soon as you re-
turn to town, and give me an opportunity to
fit you. I feel greatly mortified about it; but
it is one of those accidents against which we
cannot provide. Hoping you will not be in-
convenienced by this mishap, I am very re-
spectfully yours, 'Mary Mada.'"

If the green eyed monster did not die un-
der that blow, he expired half an hour after-
wards, when Theresa, with her arms around
her husband's neck, told him of the frightful
apparition she had seen in the night; and
then, trembling from the recollections of the
scene, shrank still closer to his side, and laid
her head upon his bosom.

If ever a man was heartily ashamed of him-
self, that man was Edward Derwent.—Mouths
were sufficed to go by, ere he ventured to
disabuse thoroughly the mind of his wife in
regard to the apparition she had seen, and
then he concealed so much of the truth that
she never more than half suspected the weak-
ness which had nearly betrayed him into
wounding a heart that loved him intensely, by
the avowal of his suspicion.

dry movements above and around were heard;
and by the time Derwent had drawn on his
pantaloons, a hand was on the door, and a
frightened voice called out to know what
was the matter. Edward, already aware
that his wife had fainted, opened the door,
after having hid the letter in his own pocket,
and admitted the hostess, who had been the
first to arrive at the scene of alarm. To her
inquiries as to the cause of Theresa's scream
and her fainting condition, he could give only
confused and unsatisfactory answers. Other
members of the family soon appearing, active
efforts were made to restore the fainting bride,
who, in about an hour, was so far recovered
as to open her eyes and answer a few ques-
tions, carefully concealing the cause of her
fright.

Day had begun to dawn ere Theresa was
so far recovered as to be thought by the fam-
ily in a condition to be left alone. Then
Derwent, who had remained almost nearly the
whole time that efforts were making for her
restoration, walking the floor uneasily, asked
a lady who had come in if she would not re-
main with his wife for half an hour. Escap-
ing from the room, he hurried into the open
air, and as soon as he had reached a place
where no eye could be upon him, he drew
the letter he had obtained from his pocket.
Opening it once more, he devoured, so to
speak, almost at a single glance, its contents,
which were as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM—I regret extremely to have
to inform you that your new pearl colored
silk, which you sent me to be altered has
been totally ruined through the carelessness
of one of my girls, who overturned a lamp.
No help remains but for me to make you a
new one; which I will do as soon as you re-
turn to town, and give me an opportunity to
fit you. I feel greatly mortified about it; but
it is one of those accidents against which we
cannot provide. Hoping you will not be in-
convenienced by this mishap, I am very re-
spectfully yours, 'Mary Mada.'"

If the green eyed monster did not die un-
der that blow, he expired half an hour after-
wards, when Theresa, with her arms around
her husband's neck, told him of the frightful
apparition she had seen in the night; and
then, trembling from the recollections of the
scene, shrank still closer to his side, and laid
her head upon his bosom.

If ever a man was heartily ashamed of him-
self, that man was Edward Derwent.—Mouths
were sufficed to go by, ere he ventured to
disabuse thoroughly the mind of his wife in
regard to the apparition she had seen, and
then he concealed so much of the truth that
she never more than half suspected the weak-
ness which had nearly betrayed him into
wounding a heart that loved him intensely, by
the avowal of his suspicion.

Squeezing Hands.—By A Lady.

What an immense difference it makes who
squeeze one's hand! A lady may twine her
arm around your waist, press a kiss on your
brow, or holding your hand in hers, try to
your fingers to your heart's content, but you
are perfectly calm and collected, and experi-
ence no unusual sensation, either disagreeable
or otherwise. Perchance a gentleman whom
you dislike or feel slightly acquainted with,
ventures to press your